

TENNESSEE FARMERS AND BUSINESS MEN MEET TO DISCUSS SHEEP RAISING PLANS

(By International News Service.)
Nashville, Tenn., May 3.—A State convention of farmers and business men is being held here to work out a plan for increasing the sheep industry in Tennessee.

It is recognized that millions of head of sheep could be raised in the mountains of East Tennessee, where the land is worth little for agriculture purposes. The greatest difficulty to be overcome is that of getting the industry started.

It was brought out at the meeting today that while there are farmers and cattlemen who raise a few head of sheep, the number is insignificant compared with what it might be. Bankers and business men, it is indicated, will assist those farmers who desire to enter the industry.

Favorable legislation to the sheep

herd will be enacted at the next session of the Legislature, according to promises put forward by leading politicians. The chief measure will be a bill providing for the extermination of stray dogs and the licensing of dogs that will aid the shepherd, or at least, not destroy the lambs.

Hundreds of thousands of acres of mountain lands in the Appalachian Range, extending through Alabama, Georgia, Tennessee, Virginia, North and South Carolina and Kentucky could be made available to the sheep raiser at a small expense.

In fact, conditions are such that in most parts of the country the only thing necessary to start the industry is the introduction of the breeding stock. Winters are so mild that housing and feeding would not be necessary.

Knew What He Was About.

Boston has frequently been made the butt of the joker who declares that our boys go about with their noses buried in a volume of Epictetus or some other ancient. We've never noticed any doing this. We confess, however, to hearing of a policeman who was having his baby christened and gave the name "Septimus Octavius" to the officiating clergyman.

"But—er—" began the minister. "That's all right, sir," said the cultivated cop. "He's the seventh son, but the eighth child."—Boston Evening Transcript.

Graves county has 27 boys in France.

Glass Blowing an Ancient Art.

The art of glass blowing is also very ancient and had an existence probably 4,000 years before Christ. The art of blowing is plainly depicted upon the tomb of Mastaba of Tlb at Memphis, and these tombs were built more than 5,000 years ago. In the picture upon them the blower with tube in mouth, just the same as the present day, is seen squatting before his furnace, and from the detail and perfection of knowledge of the art evidenced in the ancient pictures it is readily seen that glass blowing was no new thing with the people of that time and region. The glass blower of that day made vases, beads, ornaments and bottles.

Wine of Life

By CATHERINE HOPSON

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"Want a lift?" called out a cheery voice, as jingling sleigh bells slowed up.

Amy Davanant, teacher of the Pine Grove school, stepped aside in the road at the approach of bells, and then turned with a slight pucker between her smooth brows at the futility of the question. Her need of a "lift" was obvious since she was floundering through fourteen inches of unbroken snow. Besides, she felt piqued that Duncan Alden, unlike the other young people in the community, had made no effort to get acquainted since her coming among them.

"Oh—it's you, Miss Davanant," Alden said when he saw who it was. Then he jumped out to help her in the sleigh.

"I don't wonder you didn't recognize me, I'm so wrapped up," she laughed as he tucked the robe around her.

"Why in the name of common sense didn't the Perkins take you to school on a day like this?" he asked, when the jingling of bells began again.

She laughed. "They seldom think it's necessary. Their daughter, Amelia, once taught this school when she was a girl, and walked back and forth every day of the term. She set an uncomfortable precedent."

"It's hard to live up to some one else's reputation, especially in a winter like this."

"Maybe the paragon Amelia didn't have so much snow to wade through. But in most ways the Perkins are very kind to me," she amended, lest she should seem to disparage the good people with whom she boarded.

"Yes! But it must be pretty dull for you there—just those two old people." He glanced commiseratingly at the bright-eyed girl beside him.

"It isn't exactly exciting," she acknowledged.

When they reached the district schoolhouse, the unbroken snow and smokeless chimney told them that they were the first arrivals.

"Oh, I'm afraid Ted isn't there," she exclaimed in dismay. "He's the boy I hired to build fires for me."

"Allow me to be Ted this morning," laughed he. "I'm a good hand at fire building. A case of practice makes perfect, you know."

She protested, but he had his way, and soon had a glowing fire in the rusty stove. This done, his glance traversed the typical country school-room back to the dainty, city-bred girl before him.

Genuine concern was in his face. "This blizzard's made travel mighty bad. I doubt if any of the pupils get here this morning. Most of them live so far away. What'll you do if they don't come?"

"Oh, stay out the time. I'll have to on account of the salary you know. The directors aren't very lenient in the matter of lost time."

"That's so. But it's a pretty dreary proposition. I'll drop in at noon to see how you're making out." With a few last laughing words of advice, he left; and the merry sound of bells died away in the distance.

He was right about the pupils. No one came. Amy put in the morning correcting papers and finishing pieces of work she had been obliged to neglect in the stress of regular routine. All the time, though she would not acknowledge it to herself, the thought of Alden's promise to drop in at noon was a cheering factor.

However, when twelve o'clock came he did not appear and she was setting out a cold lunch from her lunch box when she heard bells again. She opened the door. Alden stood there, fur-capped, his dark eyes shining.

"I'm afraid I'm a bit late, Miss Davanant." His keen glance took in the forlorn, empty schoolroom. "I see my prophecy proved true."

She laughingly nodded.

"I'm glad of it," he said naively. "For it makes possible the wish I've been harboring that you would do me the honor of taking pot-luck dinner with me. I'm not much of a cook, but I can make a pretty good soup; and we have a whole kettle full on the stove in my cabin."

Her eyes brightened, but hesitancy shone in their depths.

"Oh, I know it may be a bit unconventional. But surely this blizzard might allow us some latitude in that direction. Besides, we have Lassie, here, for a chaperone," he added at the gentle-eyed collie at his feet.

She laughed. "It does seem as if the storm might make some concessions. But can you get back by one o'clock? I might have some pupils by then, you know."

He gave hearty assurance, and before she could change her mind he bundled her into her wraps.

Again the jingling cutter made the half-mile trip to his cabin, where the appetizing odor of steaming tomato soup greeted them. The cabin was a cozy, two-roomed affair, bachelor in appointments, but with books and magazines everywhere. Amy drew a long breath. After five homelike months away from her kind in the narrow isolation of the Perkins home, it was good to be in a book-loving atmosphere again.

To do her honor, he spread a clean white cloth over the little, oil-cloth covered table, and served the steaming tomato soup. They were as merry as

two children while they ate. Lassie sat beside them in gracious forbearance as they talked and laughed. Both were surprised when the clock struck one. Quickly they entered the cutter and drove back to the schoolhouse where silence again greeted them.

"We wouldn't have hurried so after all," protested he.

"Some of the pupils may come yet," answered she.

He brought in more wood for her and with advice about keeping up the fire well, went away.

The afternoon dragged. No one came. She finished the odd jobs which occupied her during the morning, and time hung heavily on her hands. The storm which had started at noon, increased in fury. The air seemed full of snow and smooth unbroken expanses of prairie stretched out around her for miles and miles.

She had no assurance that Mr. Perkins would come for her at four o'clock—he never did. And Alden had not said anything about coming back. Her spirits which a little while ago were gay and carefree, slumped to zero point.

"How shall I get home? How can I ever go alone through this storm? She did not wish to desert her post before four o'clock, and during the last hour stood at the window watching each way of the road for a passing team that might help her out of her difficulty. But none came by. Above the noise of the storm, she could sometimes catch howls of coyotes. Tears gathered in her eyes at the desolation of it all.

"I can't stay here all night," her quivering lips whispered. "Oh, why didn't I ask Mr. Alden to take me back to the Perkins at noon, even if I lost my position by so doing? Surely they would have forgiven me for missing half a day—when none of the children came."

She was nervously putting on her wraps, when a knock sounded at the door. She had heard no sound of approaching sleigh-bells, and for a moment stood in terror. What if it were some tramp seeking shelter? Then, summoning her courage, she went to the door and found Duncan Alden standing there.

"Oh, I'm so glad—I'm so glad to see someone," she cried, her face pale, and her brown eyes under the tumbled curls pitifully glad.

"Why—you poor little girl." His laugh was shaky. "This must have been a horrible day for you. I'm afraid we folks who're used to it haven't realized what a prairie blizzard must mean to you."

"Oh, I usually get along well enough—but today—"

"This is the limit. I telephoned to Mr. Perkins to see if he was coming for you, but he said he wouldn't think of taking his horses out in this blizzard. Some people are more considerate of their horses than anything else, you know. And I'm afraid I'll put me in the same class when I tell you that I couldn't drive my horse tonight. He cast a shoe going home this noon, and for some reason is terribly lame. I've been working over him—that's why I'm late. I kept hoping he could make it; but he simply can't go. However, I'm here with a snow shovel."

"But can we walk over to the Perkins?" she faltered.

"No, but I phoned to Mrs. Tolan; they're the people who live in the cabin just beyond me, you know, and she wants you to stay there tonight. It's three-quarters of a mile from here, but with a snow shovel and a strong right arm, I think we can make it."

So they started forth. The snow had drifted over the path made by the sleighs earlier in the day; and the shovel was necessarily brought into service the greater part of the way. The late afternoon wind increased in fury, and Amy was obliged to hold her muff against her face to keep it from freezing. Nevertheless, despite their exertions, they found time for merry talk.

At last they saw shining out before them the welcoming light of the Tolans' cabin. Before ascending the little hill on which it stood, they paused to catch their breath.

"I'm mighty glad the storm came to-day and gave me a chance to know you," declared the man. "I've thought you were a city product who wouldn't care for pioneer life and people—that's why I've avoided you. But you've certainly shown yourself mighty plucky today." Something in his keen eyes made her own drop shyly as he added: "Five months of your stay's been wasted for me, but—I'm going to try and make up for lost time."

The wind howled, and around them stretched the desolate, snow-covered prairie; but it might have been a rose-garden for all the two young people heeded, for their eyes were bright with youth and joy and wine of life.

How Glass Industry Shifted.

The ancient Roman glass works shipped to all parts of the civilized world; and specimens of their productions are today found throughout Europe, and even in Ireland. When Rome commenced to decline and her great people fled to Byzantium, they took with them their glass industries and Constantinople became the greatest glass manufacturing city in the world. This prestige it held up to the tenth or eleventh century, and when it entered upon its decline and fall the glassblowers fled to Venice and there established what afterward grew into the celebrated Venetian glassware.

Never make a bluff at pilfering a kiss unless you are prepared to go through with it.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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